

Ready by v_writings

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Summary:

A heavy rainstorm is responsible for you spending the night at your boyfriend Jonathan's house, who feels he's finally ready for you to take the next step in your relationship.

Ready

“You’re so beautiful.” Jonathan praises you as he snaps a picture of you– and you know that his mind is so invested in the task that he probably doesn’t even realize he just told you that. You smile and bite your lip in slight embarrassment because he makes you feel so many different things when he gets focused like now– and you feel your cheeks warming up. “I can’t believe how beautiful you are.” He mumbles again, putting down his camera to look at you.

“Well, you’re not so bad yourself, Byers.” You tease with a wink and his face turns completely red, and he just *has* to look away. You laugh and lean back on the grass, closing your eyes with a satisfied smile.

You *love* this– spending this kind of time alone with Jonathan. It’s so wonderful how he lets loose when there’s no else one around you and becomes *incredibly* needy and desperate for attention. Like right now, for example, you feel the weight of another person on top of you and one hand interlocking its fingers with yours, and you know Jonathan has made himself comfortable above you.

That’s one of his favorite positions.

You run your fingers through his soft hair and open your eyes to look at the clouds. They seem to be a bit darker than you’d seen them before– and you notice a storm approaching in the horizon. Jonathan nestles his head under your chin and plays with your fingers in silence while you massage his scalp.

“I love you.” He whispers incredibly softly– so softly that if you weren’t paying attention to him you might have missed it.

“I love you too, baby.” You respond immediately, kissing his head. He relaxes completely on top of you before lifting his head up and looking at you with expectant eyes.

He wants you to kiss him.

He does this very often– look at you with pleading eyes until you

grab his face and bring his mouth to yours– because it’s still hard for him to just kiss you out of the blue, even if you’ve been dating for months. The closest he’s come to that is leaning forward when you’re sharing an intimate moment and he knows it’s a good time for a kiss– but otherwise it’s all *you* kissing *him*, which is completely fine with you, to be honest. He’s incredibly awkward and inexperienced– that’s why sometimes it’s a little hard for him to know how to act when he’s with you. But he tries harder every day to learn and understand more about you and about your relationship– and that causes your chest feel warm and your stomach to fill with butterflies.

You deepen the kiss and move your hand down his back until you can get it underneath his t-shirt, and run your fingers softly down the base of his spine. He gasps and pulls away from you as he thrusts his hips against yours involuntarily, and you feel him stiffening against your leg. He closes his eyes tightly and bites his bottom lip *hard*– trying to drown the moan you know was about to escape his mouth. You spread your legs a little wider to accommodate Jonathan between them a little better, and his head falls down on your chest as you move your hands to his ass, pressing him against you. He doesn’t move so you guide him– grinding his hips against yours. He whimpers and groans and his hands ball themselves into fists on the grass next to your shoulders. You can’t help but smile because it’s so *amazing* to see him losing control like this– to see him getting turned on so *fast* because of your touch. When you realize he’s grinding against you on his own you let go of his ass and use your hands to lift up his face and bring it to yours for a kiss. His face is flushed and there are two tiny tears on the corner of his eyes– but nevertheless he responds to the kiss as eagerly as you expected, rubbing himself into you a little harder.

“We have to– *ohh*– we have to stop, or I’ll–” You open your mouth and kiss him *harder*, wrapping your legs around his waist. You feel a couple of stones and branches on your back and you know your hair is going to look like a mess after this, but it’s still worth it. “Oh yes, yes, *yes*–” Jonathan moans, and while you realize that he’s about to come, you’ve barely began to get *truly* turned on. He lifts himself up from you with wide eyes and pulls away, and you unwrap your legs from his waist with a smile as he runs away and disappears behind a tree. You roll your eyes with a grin and shake your head– sitting up

so you can start cleaning yourself. There are leaves and grass and little sticks all over your hair, and you curse under your breath as you remove them one by one. While you're standing up to clean your back and legs, Jonathan reappears. He's looking down and his hands are fidgeting on his sides. He feels guilty, *again*. His hair is a bit messier than normal and honestly, you wish you could convince him to wear it like that every day, because it makes him look *hot*.

"Jonathan, *look at me*." You say as he reaches you, crossing your arms over your chest.

"I'm sorry." He whispers, still refusing to make eye contact. "It's not fair to you– it's *always the same*." He scratches his eyebrow and puts both of his hands inside his pockets. You lift up his chin and place yourself directly in front of him– so that he *has* to look at you in the eye. You press a soft kiss on his lips for a second and then wrap his arms around his waist.

"Do you think that somehow I don't know what's going to happen when I do what I do? *I know you*, Jonathan. I did it because I wanted to, not because I expected something you couldn't give me."

"But that's it– I *want* to be able to give it to you. I want to..." He looks away, blushing. "I want you to finish, too." He whispers, licking his lips.

"We'll get to that eventually..." You shrug him off. "I'm not worried about it, I promise. We'll wait as long as it takes for this, okay? We're going slow, remember? There's no need to rush it." He nods and you smile, pecking his lips before pulling away.

He wants to tell you that he doesn't want you to wait for him anymore, but he just doesn't know how; he knows *you* are ready– you've been ready for some time now, but he knows you haven't said anything because you'll never pressure him to do anything he doesn't feel ready for.

He loves you so much for that.

"Okay baby, we better go. A storm is coming." You say, picking your bag from the floor along with his before handing it to him– and just

as you do the wind suddenly picks up and makes the leaves around you fly away and your hair to become an even bigger mess than it already was. "Shit." You say, looking around you. You grab Jonathan's hand and you walk fast towards his car. You put the seatbelt on as he turns the engine on. You rummage through your bag until you find your brush and you begin the work of making yourself look presentable again, while Jonathan glances at you occasionally with a smile.

"What are you looking at, pretty boy?" You ask with a teasing smile, putting the brush inside your bag and grabbing a hair tie.

"Nothing, I just wish I could take a picture of you right now." He answers, shrugging his shoulders. You laugh and tie your hair into a ponytail.

"Really?" You ask, scrunching up your face. "I was just fixing my hair. What's so special about that?"

"Well, it's actually the fact that it's nothing special. It's just– I feel like you're just being the most honest version of yourself when you do those little things– like that picture I took of you last month while you were looking away drinking from your water bottle. It's one of my favorites." You smile and cover your face with your hands, embarrassed.

"God, I love you." You say as you look up at him, laughing. His smile widens and he grabs your hand with his, bringing it to his mouth to give it a soft kiss.

"I love you too." He answers before looking at the road again. Just as he says this, you see a couple of raindrops falling against the windshield, and it's only seconds later that the rain begins pouring down incredibly fast and hard– and you look up at the sky only to find nothing but dark clouds. "Shit." You curse, trying to figure out how far away are you from your house. You're definitely too far away to let Jonathan take you and then come back home alone himself, it's too dangerous. "Turn around– we have to go to your house."

"But I have to take you home." He says, frowning.

“In this weather? We’re too far away. We passed the road to yours two minutes ago, *turn around*.” He does as told and soon enough you’re parking in front of his house, and you let out a sigh of relief. “I have to call my mom and tell her I’m fine. Fuck, I’m going to get so wet.” You say, closing your bag and clutching it to your chest before grabbing the door handle and groaning.

“It’s okay.” Jonathan says, and when you turn to look at him you see that he’s trying not to laugh.

“Don’t you dare laugh, Byers.” You warn and he shakes his head.

“It’s just that you look so nice when your hair gets wet in the rain, and I almost never get to see you like that.”

“Goddammit, you’re so cute.” You say, leaning forwards to kiss him quickly before looking outside with a grimace. Jonathan smiles and shakes his head before getting out of the car and running towards the house– and when he gets there he starts signaling you to come with him.

And he’s *laughing*, the little shit.

“Okay [Y/N], just do it. Get out and run.” You take a deep breath and open the door before getting out and closing it quickly– and then you’re running as fast as you can and before you know it Jonathan’s arms are around you and he’s holding you and his chest is vibrating with laughter.

“If two raindrops touched you I’m exaggerating– it was 10 feet from the car to the house.” He says while caressing your cheek with his thumb, eyes crinkling with happiness. You close the gap between your mouths and kiss him– and one of his arms wraps itself securely around your waist while his other hand continues to stroke your cheek. “We should go inside.” He whispers in a raspy voice against your lips and you look at him slightly dazed before nodding and pulling away from him completely.

“[Y/N]!” Will says the moment you walk through the door, running to you with a big smile. You open your arms for him and hug him tightly when he wraps his own around your waist.

“Will! How’s my favorite Byers boy?”

“I heard that.” Jonathan says as he walks towards the kitchen. Will laughs and pulls away, and you ruffle his hair playfully.

“Don’t mind him– he’s jealous because I like you more than him.” You say with a wink and Will grins widely. You leave your bag on the floor by the door and put your hands on his shoulders, pushing him forward. “Let’s go to the kitchen, see if Jonathan or your mom need any help.”

“Yes mom, I’m fine. No, I won’t go out until the rain stops completely. Yes mom, you can talk to her.” You press the receiver against your chest. “Hey, Joyce? My mom wants to talk to you.”

“Oh, sure.” She says with a smile as you hand her the phone. You leave her to talk with your mother alone and go back to the kitchen, where Jonathan is finishing up diner. He’s so good at cooking– that was one of the things that impressed you the most about him when you met him, apart from his skill at photography.

You walk up to him and kiss his cheek and he smiles at you before focusing on the stove again.

“I think I might have to spend the night here.” You whisper to him, smirking. He absolutely *refuses* to look at you but you can see a blush creeping up his neck and the corners of his mouth lifting up *just slightly*– and you know *he wants you to*. You wink and walk to the table, where Will is busy drawing something. “Hey, what are you drawing there?” You ask, sitting next to him.

Jonathan watches you both from over his shoulder, thinking about how wonderful it feels to see you laughing at talking with Will, because he knows perfectly how much you love him– and how much *he* loves you. Jonathan has known for a long time that no matter what kind of relationship he has with any new person he meets– if they don’t like Will he *can’t* associate with them anymore.

He was a little scared the first time he introduced you to him and his mother, because their approval of you and that you liked them

was *everything* for the future of your relationship– which meant that he felt almost giddy with happiness when you three clicked almost instantly. Joyce *adored* you, and you loved her as well. And Will... well, Will was the little brother you never had– and he thought the world of you.

It simply makes him happy to see you like that.

He's just about to finish what he's cooking when Joyce reenters the room.

"Well, your mom asked if you could spend the night if the rain doesn't stop and I said of course you can. Jonathan can give you his bed and he'll sleep on the couch." She offers and Jonathan nods with a smile, but your face pales and shake your head fervently.

"Absolutely not. *I* am sleeping on the couch."

"[Y/N], you know I don't mind–" Jonathan says but you glare at him. God, you love him so much because he didn't even think about questioning his mother– he agreed instantly to give you his bed.

"If you say one more word I'll sleep outside in the rain. It's either *that* or the couch. It's your choice." Joyce covers her smile with her hand and looks away, and then at Will who's grinning at the exchange. Jonathan looks at you for a moment before pursing his mouth to hide his smile and turning around to finish cooking. "That's my boy." You say and you see him shaking his head as he turns the stove off.

"Is that okay? I can get you some more covers if you need me to." Joyce says as you accommodate yourself on the couch. A loud thunder interrupts you when you're about to answer her, and you hear the rain falling even harder and the wind howling loudly.

"It's perfect, honestly." You say with a smile, sitting down to start removing your shoes.

"Okay, well. I'm going to go to bed, I have work early tomorrow. Sleep well, honey. And if you need anything–"

"I'll ask Jonathan. It's all good, Joyce. Thank you for letting me stay

the night.”

“Hey, [Y/N]. Wake up.” Jonathan whispers as he shakes your shoulder softly. You don’t even stir, so he sighs and tries a little harder. “[Y/N], baby, wake up.” You frown and a little groan leaves your lips before you open your eyes and look at Jonathan with a contused look.

“Jonathan, what’s going on?” You ask him, rubbing your eyes.

“I– I can’t sleep.” He answers, biting his lip. While it’s true that loud storms make him uneasy, the biggest reason he can’t sleep is that he knows you are in the same house as he is and he just *can’t take* not being close to you.

“Are you okay?” You ask worriedly, sitting up a little and caressing his cheek softly. “What do you need me to do?” God, he loves you so much, and he simply can’t take one more second of not becoming truly, completely *yours*.

“Can you come sleep with me? My mom never wakes up during the night and I promise I’ll make sure she doesn’t know you slept with me.” He can hear a certain urgency in his own voice, even if it’s a whisper. “Please, *I need you*.” He can see it in your eyes before you answer– you’re going to say yes. He thinks that the fact that he’s kneeling in front of you and looking at you in the eyes has something to do with it, because he’s had more than enough time to learn what you hate, what you like and what *you love*.

And miraculously, what you love him to do are all the things he loves to do for you– things that often make him feel the most intense pleasure.

“Okay, baby.” You say, throwing the covers off of yourself and standing up. You offer him your hand and he takes it immediately, and once he’s standing in front of you he leans forward and presses a chaste kiss on your lips.

He knows you love when he surprises you with an unexpected kiss like this, because most of the time he prefers pleading and begging–

either verbally or silently– for you to kiss him, until you finally do and it feels like some sort of emotional orgasm for him.

He looks at you like that for a moment before you grab the back of his head and pull his lips to yours– kissing him passionately. You pull away too quickly for his liking and he whimpers a little from the loss of contact, making you smile. You rearrange the covers on the couch a little so it doesn't look so much like you're not there. He knows why you did that; Will wakes up to go to the bathroom several times during the night, and you don't want him to get worried. When you're satisfied with the result you interlock your fingers with his and pull him towards his room, and Jonathan feels a little dizzy and a little too warm– but most of all, he feels *excited*.

You lock Jonathan's door just in case before you both go lie down on his bed. You're not too hopeful but you're also not naive– and you know that there is two different ways this night can go. You wish for it to gone one way more than the other, but that matters very little if Jonathan doesn't make it clear that he feels ready for you to go there.

When you're under the covers, Jonathan lies down and pulls you on top of him before you begin kissing slowly. His thigh is between your legs and his hands are on your lower back, caressing your skin softly. He's wearing only his boxers, and you're wearing one of his sweatpants and one of his t-shirts.

You kiss like that for some time until you begin grinding into his thigh without even realizing it– and almost immediately you feel him hardening against you. He begins gasping and whimpering into the kisses and thrusting his hips against you– his hands helping you grind against him. He whimpers loudly so you quickly silence him with a kiss– even though the loud thunderstorm is definitely drowning all the sounds you both are making.

“I love you so much.” Jonathan moans against your mouth, hands moving inside your sweatpants to knead the flesh of your ass. He presses you harder against his thigh and throws his head back, biting his lip wantonly. You seize the chance to lick his Adam's apple and his eyes open wide. He lifts your head up and looks at you for a moment before taking a deep breath.

"I want to do it, *tonight*." He whispers– and you simply can't stop the gasp that comes out of your mouth.

"Jonathan..."

"I want this more than anything. I want to be yours so desperately—" His voice almost sounds like a permanent whimper and you feel yourself getting impossibly wet. He closes his eyes and bites his lip– and you know he has *no idea* how erotic the sight of him doing feels like to you.

"You need to get me more ready, baby. I've never done this and I need to be ready to take you in." He squirms a little and you see the excitement in his eyes. "And also... we need a condom. Do you have one?" He nods and reaches towards his bedside table, opening the drawer and moving his hand around until he finally finds what he's looking for. He gives it to you and you smile before kissing him and leaving it right next to his alarm clock.

"What do I have to do?" He asks– voice hoarse with desire.

"Let's continue this for a little more and then we'll begin taking off our clothes, what do you think?" He nods and you lean down to kiss him again– and not long after that you're both breathless and a little sweaty.

"Your pants—" Jonathan mumbles against your neck while licking it softly. "Pants off, please?" You bite his lip and pull away from him completely, getting off the bed to get his pants off more easily. They fall to the floor and you decide to go a little further and take his t-shirt off as well– which leaves you only in your underwear. Jonathan looks like he's never seen anything better than you in his life, and that floods you with confidence.

Once you're under the covers again you straddle his lap and begin grinding yourself against him while he, once again, squeezes your ass. He sits up and you bury your hands in his hair, messing it up purposefully.

"I love you with messy hair—" You confess in between kisses. "It's so fucking hot." He's probably blushing even more now, but you're too

busy grinding against his rock hard dick and kissing him to confirm it.

And then– all of a sudden– Jonathan pulls away from you with surprised eyes and then he gasps and thrusts into you and you know what happened.

He just came.

“I’m so sorry– [Y/N]– I–” You silence him with a kiss.

“Three weeks ago I made you come twice in twenty minutes. You can get me ready while we wait for you to get hard again.” He sighs in relief and nods, resting his forehead against your shoulder.

“I need to get cleaned up, I’ll be right back. Uh– touch... yourself... maybe?” You climb off his lap and he scrambles away, grabbing another pair of boxers and scanning the room before running out to the bathroom. He closed the door behind him so you pull the covers over you again and begin rubbing yourself– quickly inserting a finger and another shortly after. You’re busy picturing yourself on top of a naked, panting Jonathan so you don’t notice him entering the bedroom again.

Jonathan doesn’t even know his mouth fell open and he also didn’t realize his hand is massaging his cock as he watches you. While it’s true that you’re covered and he can’t truly see what you’re doing– the movements and your expressions tell him more than enough. He walks up to you and your eyes open, and you give him a smile that makes his knees go weak. You move to the side on his bed and make some space for him, and he places himself next to you.

He knows he looks nervous– that’s because *he is*– but nonetheless he wants to try and have a little courage and finally, for the first time since you began dating, touch you *there*.

He follows your arm to your underwear and pulls your hand out, and moves it slowly to the inside of his own underwear– slowly enough that you can easily pull away if you don’t want to do it– but the way your eyes shine with desire and you immediately start rubbing him

tell him that he's heading the right way.

Next, his trembling hand caresses your stomach softly before heading downwards, but he's still wary of touching you there without your permission, so he opens his mouth to ask you.

You silence him with a kiss.

"You can touch me, baby." You confirm and he shudders before he thrusts his hand underneath the fabric and his fingers make contact with your wetness for the first time.

He didn't know what he was expecting– but it doesn't matter what that was, because this is *infinitely* better. The soft, wet feeling of your flesh on his fingers is enough to make his dick twitch and he knows it won't be long until he's hard and throbbing for you again– especially because you're rubbing him and it feels so wonderful it makes his stomach knot.

He inserts a finger and is surprised to find that he can easily slide in another one– so he does. He fingers you relentlessly, looking at every expression and sounds of pleasure you make so he can learn what you like the most and it's only when his thumb touches a little nub that he elicits the biggest reaction from you yet.

"Does this feel good?" He asks for confirmation as he rubs the little nub again, in a circular motion.

"Fuck yes it feels good." You breathe out in a low voice, biting your lip to hold back your moans. "Let me kiss you, baby." You say and he immediately leans into you, opening his mouth to let your tongue take control of his own. "*Mmm*, you're getting so hard." You say with a smirk and press your thumb down on the head of his dick, making him whimper against your lips.

"Just for you." He whispers in a needy voice and you bite his lip softly, making his hips buck into your hand. He continues fingering you until you start feeling something you've never felt before– and there's a voice inside your mind telling you that it's your orgasm approaching. Jonathan is already rock hard so you remove your hand and he pulls away immediately, looking at you with a sad frown.

He didn't want you to stop touching him, but the look in your eyes tells him that what's coming is much better.

"I'm ready, baby." You say, reaching behind your back to unclasp your bra. Jonathan doesn't remove his hand from your wetness but instead fingers you and rubs you a little more vigorously, making you arch your back in pleasure. He's looking at your breasts mesmerized, but makes no move to touch them. "Take your boxers off." You command in a heavy whisper that has him trembling with excitement. He finally removes his hand and does as told, while you take off your own underwear. He kneels on the bed and the covers roll back, exposing you to him— and in return, him to you. You don't know what it takes to consider a dick big or small, but you think he will fit inside you with no problem and it will *definitely* feel good.

You clench your thighs to relieve yourself a little when Jonathan starts jerking himself off while he stares at your naked body like he's never seen something so incredible in his life.

You kneel in front of him and kiss him roughly, pressing his chest against yours and running your hands down his back until you can grab his ass cheeks and knead them just like he'd done earlier with yours.

"I can't— take it much longer..." He says with a clenched jaw— closing his eyes tightly.

"Put the condom on." You order and he obeys, opening it and rolling it down on his length easily. "Sit." He does immediately and you straddle his lap, rubbing your wet pussy against his hard cock. You grab his hand and guide it to your lips until he's fingering you again, and throw your head back in pleasure. He continues doing so while resting his forehead against your shoulder until you stop him and kiss him languidly. And then— finally— you guide him towards your entrance and slowly, *torturingly slowly*, you lower yourself into his length until he's fully sheathed inside you.

You take a little time to adjust to him, moving your hips in small circular motions until you feel you're completely ready to start moving up and down. Jonathan doesn't say anything during that time, he just waits patiently— even though he's got his mouth shut

tightly to stop any noises from coming out.

His forehead feels hot against yours as you bounce on him and you can honestly say that you've never felt more pleasure in your life than right now.

"You better not come before I tell you to." You say in a deep voice and Jonathan opens his eyes wide—lust and desire glazing them over.

"No. I am yours and I will only do what you want me to, when you want me to." He responds, voice quivering with need. You weren't expecting him to answer like that— but you can't say you're surprised. Jonathan has exhibited this kind of submissive behavior before, and if you encourage him it usually leads him to the most intense and messy orgasms.

"That's my boy." You praise, joining your lips in a sloppy kiss as you continue riding him.

"Ah!— yes, yes! Yours, *only yours*." His hands are on your hips to help you ride him more easily, and your arms are wrapped around his shoulders, one hand buried in his hair. Lightning illuminates your naked bodies for a second before the loud sound of thunder follows, and the rain begins falling more heavily— drowning the sounds you're making even more.

You feel it again— the way your muscles tighten and you begin to feel dizzy, and you know your orgasm won't take too long. You take one of Jonathan's hands away from your hip and guide his fingers towards that little nub that makes you feel so much pleasure— and he doesn't need you to tell him what you want before he begins rubbing you there in small circles with his thumb.

It becomes harder to move on top of him until finally, finally, you feel like something snaps inside you and you're overcome with the most amazing sensation you've ever felt.

You ride the waves of your orgasm while kissing Jonathan messily— and then move your mouth to his ear, bite his earlobe and whisper softly into it.

“Come *now*.”

Jonathan whimpers *way too loud* the exact moment another thunder crashes and you're thankful— because there is *no way* no one would have listened to that. He bottoms out and throws his head back, eyes closed as he empties himself inside you on the condom and you see two tears escaping the corners of his eyes as he thrusts into you one last time.

He falls back to the mattress and you climb off of him, removing him from yourself in the process. He's panting when he removes the condom, ties up the end and throws it into the trash, and then he grabs his boxers from the floor and puts them back on. Once you've regained control of your muscles you do the same— you pick up your discarded underwear and put it on.

When you lie back again, Jonathan is on his side— hair messy just like you love— resting his head on his arm and looking at you with a smile you're very familiar with.

“I love you.” He whispers, smiling and biting his lip. You peck his lips once and remove some stray hairs from his eyes.

“I love you too, baby. Turn around.” He grins and does so quickly, and you press your front against his back before he grabs your hand and locks his fingers with yours— guiding your arm around him and your hand against his rapidly beating heart. You kiss his back and bite his shoulder softly, and he shudders and leans a little closer into to your warmth.

“I'm really sleepy now... I'm sorry...” He mumbles, rubbing his thumb on the back of your hand. You move his hair away from his neck and lick and kiss him slowly there, making him whimper beautifully.

“I know baby, sleep. I'll take care of you.”

“I know you will... 'cause I'm yours...” His words come out slightly slurred at the end, and you know he's fallen asleep.

You caress his hair while thinking that, even though this isn't the first

time you fall asleep together, this time it's *different*. This isn't you taking naps together in your house when your parents aren't home, or falling asleep on the ground under the shade of a tree.

This is bigger– *better*. This is you ready to get some rest because you just became one with the person you're so in love with, and as you place a kiss on his shoulder and close your eyes, pulling Jonathan a little closer to you, there is a smile curling your lips that you simply can't get rid of.